

So He Leaves

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Summary: My attempt to write an Episode 33 fic. ^\_^

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><br>Author's Notes: This is my attempt to write an Episode 33 fic. Yeah, I know everyone's sick of fics centered on Episode 33, but I believe every fic writer is allowed one Episode 33 fic at least.

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>So He Leaves<br>

><br>The first image that crossed in your mind as you felt those claws rake on your back, impaling you, shredding the thin material you wore and tearing into your flesh as if you were some kind of paper waste to be long forgotten, was her face. Her face, brown eyes growing wide for different reasons: joy for seeing her loved one, fear for the sake of her Seishi, excitement at the sight of food..that face centered your thoughts, on your uncomfortable position, lying down the impaling, intruding claws of the enemy you were protecting her from, staring at the sun as its rays shone brightly, illuminating the spot where you believe would be your last time to see its majestic glory.

><br>You gritted your teeth. You can feel them, somewhere, they can feel you, too. You can practically hear them gasp in horror, disbelief, and wonder, at the realization that something dreadfully wrong has happened to one of their fellow Seishi. At the thought of this, you saw her face, her beautiful, mischievous, caring face, crumple as her jaw dropped in her own terror, her eyebrows knot together in concern for you.

><br>Concern. Fear. Worry. This is what they feel for you. And what about you, what do you feel? You felt pain, as the monster, this Seiryuu Seishi, continue to dig his claws deeper into your flesh. You cried in agony. You felt like you cannot take the pain much longer.

><br>You gritted your teeth again, and shook your head in determined resolve. In one swift move, you removed yourself from your enemy's clutches and gripped him into a tight headlock.

><br>You have to kill him. Forget the guilt that will follow afterward. If you don't kill him now, who knows who he will destroy next. Who knows whose body those claws will shred next...the image of her face crossed your mind again, and that image, that thought of her happy face smiling and laughing, fueled you to do what you did next, and what would probably end your own life.

><br>With a loud cry, you broke the monster's neck. He dropped to the snow-covered ground, assumingly lifeless. You got up and looked at the sun, but then...

><br>You were suddenly attacked by flashes of your previous life, before you became a Seishi. Kourin. She was always so beautiful, so full of life, so much like her, the one you were destined to protect with your life. Kourin, the one you believed the sun rose and fell on. Kourin, your younger sister, the one who died and whose life you made continue living in your body, the one you dressed up after, the one whose memories you try so hard to uplive in your own.

><br>Kourin. The one staring at you from above. The one waiting for you to follow her. The two of you will be together at last.

><br>But not yet. You still have two more things left to do. You stared at the huge rock covering the cave where the sacred jewel Shinzahou lay. You know that you are the only one with the power to remove that rock from the cave's opening. Slowly, you approached the cave, and that itself was a hard task, as you were so tired, you felt like you cannot move any more. You need to rest, but not yet, you tell yourself fiercely. Not until you move this rock.

><br>You called Suzaku to help you, to grant you the power one last time, and your call was answered. Using the last of your strength and Suzaku's power, you moved the rock and threw it to the side.

><br>You felt so tired. Like a dirty, rotten rag, you collapsed on the ground, the snow caressing your bleeding and wounded back, piercing you like icy little knives. You ignored the pain. You needed to rest.

><br>Minutes passed, and suddenly you heard them. Her voice and his, intertwined, both calling your name. At first they seemed so far away, so you cannot distinguish exactly what they were feeling, but soon you can hear them more clearly. There is no denying the sadness and anguish in her voice, her melodious voice, as she screamed your name.

><br>Through the pain, you forced your eyes to open, but as soon as you did, you wished you never did. If you didn't, you wouldn't need to look at them in the eyes, see the pain and sorrow. Even he, her beloved, couldn't hide his own sorrow. He stared at you, dark blue on broken violet, yet still exultant, and you felt yourself drown in the sorrow and pain that lay within. He must have suffered enough, he has stared at a lot of broken eyes: his parents, his brothers and sisters, and now, you.

><br>You felt guilty for a moment. It was because of you, your impulsiveness and your stupidity, it was because of you that they are feeling this pain. No one deserves so much pain, not him, and especially not her.

><br>You tore your eyes away from him, and let them rest on hers. Through the pain, you forced yourself to raise one finger, lightly touching her cheek, and finally resting on the side of her eyes where

her unshed tears has resided, making the sides of her brown eyes seem to glisten with its crystalline moisture. Your heart ached at the thought of being the reason for those tears, and as much as your disappearing strength can, you brush as much as those tears as you can, soothing her with words, telling her that she cannot cry for you.

><br>He tells you to stop speaking. Stupid ogre boy, you think. You can't stop speaking, this will be your last time to do so, you have to relay your messages to them before your time to leave really arrives.

><br>So you look at him straight in the eye, and you muster your remaining strength to tell him, to tell him to protect her, protect the Miko, for you cannot do so anymore. His eyes widen at the realization of the deeper message of your words: you are losing time fast, and it will only be a matter of time before you leave.

><br>She told you that she will call for Mitsukake. You smiled at her optimism, and had you had the strength, you could have bopped yourself at the head for dampening her optimism by telling her that you don't believe Mitsukake could heal someone in a situation this grave.

><br>Her face fell, and the tears you brushed away flooded her eyes again, and she stood up, telling you bluntly that she will get Mitsukake. She forced her beloved to hold you, to take care of you, and make sure you have not yet left until she gets the medicine man to you, to heal you.

><br>She has not gone far, until you felt it. Your blood had slowly left your body, a sign that your life is leaving you, and that you will be following it to the next world sooner or later.

><br>You closed your eyes. Your breaths had become labored. You could practically feel your soul detach itself from your body. You started to feel so lightweight, like you were being lifted ever so gently from the snow that would soon be your grave, and you had the little time to whisper to her and to everyone one last goodbye before everything suddenly became black.

><br>---The End---

><br>Author's Note: I know, its weird. But I'm experimenting with a new writing style when it comes to POVs. :)

End  
file.